

The  
West  
Saxon



Spring Term,  
1929.

# The West Saxon.

¶ Contributions for the next issue should reach the Editor not later than June 7th, 1929. They must be written in ink, on one side of the paper only.

¶ Communications with regard to advertisements should be addressed to the Secretary of the *West Saxon*, University College.

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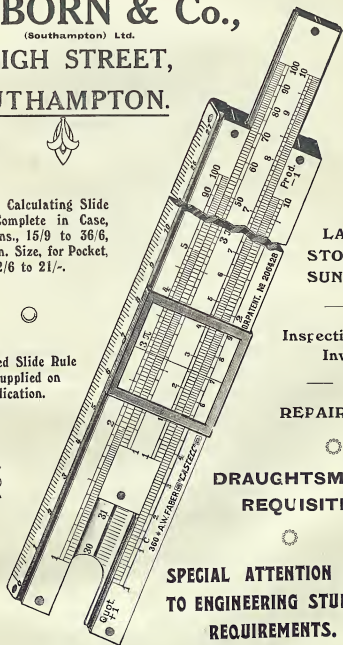
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## 1927 RECORD.

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NEW MEMBERS	-	-	-	-	11,260
NET INCREASE	-	-	-	-	4,000

## FINANCE.

TOTAL FUNDS	-	-	-	-	£750,000
INCREASE 1927	-	-	-	-	£74,000

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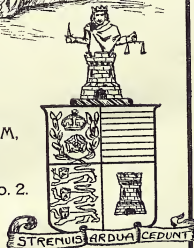
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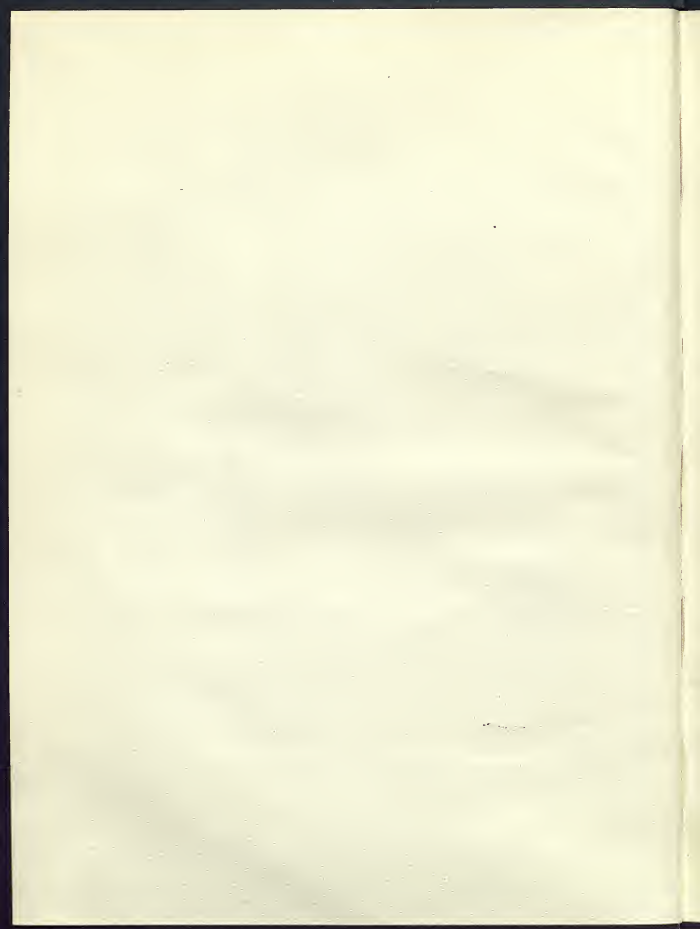
# West Saxon



SPRING TERM,  
1929.

VOL. XXIX. No. 2.







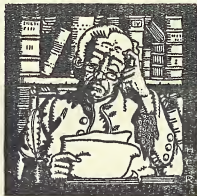
# The West Saxon.

Editor:  
MISS P. SLADER.

Sub-Editor:  
L. T. ETCHES.

Secretary:  
P. J. OSBORN.

## EDITORIAL.



THE princess in a fairy story which we read long ago was sent by her cruel step-mother to the kitchen to make a cake. She found there a heterogeneous collection of apparently edible material, but nothing that could make it rise. Being a resourceful young person, she sat down and wept until her fairy god-mother appeared.

Without a wave of the wand, the cake, however excellent its other ingredients, will remain obdurately heavy. But we live in the twentieth century and in a climate already unpleasantly damp. These must be our excuses for not trying the methods of our royal prototype.

\* \* \* \*

The middle term of the year, relieved of the necessity of welcoming the newly-arrived or of speeding the departing, occupies itself to an unusual extent with that much neglected person—the ordinary student. It sees, in theory at any rate, the climax of his year's activities—social in the inter-varsity debate and dance, dramatic and musical, in the productions of the Stage and of the Choral and Orchestral Societies respectively; athletic in the annual five team matches against Exeter; charitable in Finance Week and the Hospital Rag.

These activities are little reflected in the *West Saxon*. The debate alone has claimed its due of notice. The Stage Society, with a modesty uncalled for by its production, has failed to give an account of itself. At the time that we go to press *Iolanthe* is still being rehearsed. Collectors, in or out of fancy dress, believe in deeds rather than words. Saddest of all, a snowstorm has this year deprived us of the opportunity of engaging Exeter.

Indirectly, however, we have been affected. A laborious world leaves its mark upon the potential contributor. Anxious and troubled about many things, he gives us fragmentary, ill-considered or no work, and adds to our heap of non-rising ingredients.

The result of our [short story competition published on page 47, is probably a sign of the times; so, too, is the quantity of verse which has beset us, and of which we publish a selection.

Another ingredient we would single out for notice. Our last editorial complained of a lack in the subject matter of the *West Saxon* of wide interest. An opportunity, of which we readily availed ourselves, arose of, partly at any rate, filling this need. The N.U.S. have sponsored a scheme for the exchange of articles between student journals of various countries, in consequence of which we are able to publish in this number an article written by a young American graduate of Roberts' College, Constantinople.

Further outside interest is provided by the news of Conferences—the past one at Liverpool and the approaching one at Aberystwyth. Knowing the majority of our readers for shameless Jack Horners we would advise them not to lay aside these plums when they have pulled them out.

## IN MEMORIAM: ALEX HILL.



A VERY notable figure in the history of our University College has passed away: a man to whom our lasting gratitude is due.

It is needless to set forth in detail the course of events which led to Dr. Hill becoming our Principal. His predecessor resigned amid tumultuous and unfortunate circumstances. The condition of the College was grave. There was division in council and staff: there were feelings of bitterness and discomfort. The students themselves were ill at ease. As all this is very ancient history, and as the present is so entirely different from the past (so different that it is not easy to believe that one is speaking of the same institution), there is, on the one hand, no harm in referring to it, and, on the other hand, no necessity to go further into details. It was when the night was blackest that the dawn was near. It was suggested to the then Treasurer of the College, Mr. William Darwin,

and to myself that if the Principalship were offered to Dr. Hill, he might be willing to accept it. He might like the difficult task of turning a University College, which had so far been something of a failure, into a growing and increasing success. Dr. Hill had been Master of Downing College, Cambridge; he had been Vice-Chancellor of the University; he was a man of independent means, and of wide experience, and some distinguished University friends of his told us that, if we could get him, he would be the very man for the job. Mr. Darwin and I had a private interview with Dr. Hill in the late autumn of 1912; after some discussion he agreed to accept the post if it were offered to him; on December 9th I went with him to Southampton, and he saw a Selection Committee of the Council. It was not quite easy to get the Committee and the Council to agree to the appointment. There was so much soreness and suspicion about, that anything, which was not the result of advertisement and free competition in the open market, seemed a dubious proposition and of the "hole and corner" order. But Mr. Darwin and I, who had been much impressed by our long talks with Dr. Hill, gradually prevailed with our colleagues, and on December 30th, 1912, he was duly elected Principal.

From that day may be dated the beginnings of our progress towards happiness and success. It has to be remembered, in estimating the greatness of Dr. Hill's services, that he had really only a short eighteen months in which to work before the whole condition of things was entirely changed by the war. Yet how much in those eighteen months did he accomplish! In a short while he won the entire confidence of the Council: I think I am correct in saying that those who were most antagonistic (in my opinion somewhat unfairly and exaggeratedly antagonistic) to the old régime were completely won over by Dr. Hill. Where before there had been irritation and suspicion, there were now confidence and trust. So, too, as regards staff and students. Our new Principal soon seemed to be all that a Head should be in their eyes. And he seemed so because he was so. Gradually he began to introduce more of the University tone and spirit throughout the College. He had to go slow, for there were many difficulties, financial

difficulties not least, some of which we are still even to-day seeking to surmount. All know about his fine venture at Highfield. Off his own bat, and on his own responsibility, he secured the lease of a derelict hotel, and turned it into a Hall of Residence. His idea was that he and a few of the staff, and a certain number of men students, should live in it, so that more true collegiate life should become possible. In those far off days there was no hostel for men students in existence. The Hall was just started when the war began; nearly all our men students left, and the Hall became a hospital. It was characteristic of Dr. Hill that though the war prevented his hopes and schemes and intentions for the College from being carried into effect, and though none could tell what might be its issue as regards education and the College, he never showed the smallest sign of chagrin or disappointment, but turned resolutely to the new work (while not neglecting what remained of the old) which the war suggested to him. During those four grim years he laboured unceasingly in many different directions.

I have said that between January 1913 and July 1914 he won the hearts of many, and pulled up the College a great deal. How did he do it all? Well, partly by his previous knowledge and experience; partly by his ability; but mainly, I think, by force of character. He had so much tact and insight; he was so courteous and pleasant to deal with. And then he was so obviously straight; he had no axe to grind; he was so clearly out for the good of the College and for that alone; he was so direct and simple, so conciliatory and kind. Being all that, he could be firm, where needful, without hurting or offence. Thus, soon after his assuming the reigns of office, his rule became a real and unquestioned rule, and the Council, while treated by him with great deference and tact, and always duly posted and informed, most wisely showed their trust in the new Principal by giving him all the authority he required, and by invariably following his advice! Sometimes in those early days he used to think it better to make *me* put forward *his* suggestions as if they were rather mine than his! The voice was that of the "Acting President" (as I then was): the ideas were those of the Principal, who occasionally (with a little pardonable mendacity which, I think, deceived nobody) used to applaud my proposals as if he had had nothing whatever to do with them.

I must not lead my readers to suppose that nothing had been done for the College in the last few years before Dr. Hill came. That is not so. A considerable sum of money had been raised, land had been bought at Highfield, and new buildings were being erected into which the College was soon to move. These new buildings were formally opened by Lord Haldane, then Lord Chancellor, on June 20th, 1914, about a week before the assassination of the Austrian Archduke, and six and a half weeks before the outbreak of the war. The building was offered to, and accepted by, the War Office as a hospital. A large number of "huts" were erected in the grounds for various hospital needs. When the war ended, Dr. Hill successfully negotiated for the transfer of these "huts" to the College on very favourable terms. Moreover, he arranged for their "temporary" recognition (subject to certain alterations, etc.) for educational purposes by the Board of Education. Of what value these transformed "huts" have been to us we all know.

Thus six years passed; men came back to the College; the work had to be started again and developed. The outlook was in some respects quite favourable, but it was also formidable. If there was much to do in 1913, there was yet more to do in 1919. Meanwhile, another educational work, of which Dr. Hill had been the organizer from the start, had also developed: the Universities' Bureau. The war had made it more important, and its guidance required more time. Dr. Hill felt that a choice had to be made, and with regret and reluctance, as I think I am entitled to say, he conceived it to be his duty to stick to the Bureau. I well remember the consternation caused by the announcement of his resignation. Most fortunately for the College he had two splendid successors, the second of whom still occupies the Principalship, and long may he con-

tinue to do so. I think it was largely due to what Dr. Hill had made of the College that we were able to secure them.

On his resignation, Dr. Hill was elected Vice-President, a post which he held till his death, and as he continued to live in Southampton, he was a pretty regular attendant at Council meetings, when—usually on request—he would often give us the benefit of his wisdom and experience.

I have already indicated certain main features of his character: his courtesy and charm of manner; his sagacity and kindness; his cool head and warm heart. Combined with these qualities went a certain white simplicity of soul which was peculiarly attractive. He seemed to require so little for himself: there was a touch of the Spartan about him, or perhaps I should say a touch of the austerity of a Socrates. He was a brave man, too, not easily daunted. It was as a brave man that he bore physical discomforts and pain without a murmur, and finally passed through, with dignity and courage, the valley of the shadow of death. All who worked with him during his tenure of the Principalship will treasure his memory with honour, with affection and with gratitude.

G. MONTEFIORE.



## ALFRED.

**A** CHILD, a lover of stories, who yearned  
To find out the way to his magic land,  
As he eagerly studied his letters, planned  
To live there for ever, the way once learned.

But the man found overmuch work to do—  
A kingdom to govern and Danes to fight,  
A navy to build for England's might—  
So it came that his visits were all too few  
To the promised land that his child's eyes saw.  
Yet, whenever he ranged in learning's wood,  
He cut down the choicest trees he could,  
And so many home to his people bore.

He dreamed. Before our eyes his vision takes  
Form slowly: we build and dream again,  
Inspired by him. Strange that for other men  
He still remains the king who burnt the cakes!

Y.R.K.

## NEWS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

*(In accordance with the International Student News Exchange scheme we print below an article written by an American graduate of Robert College.)*

SATURDAY morning, August 11th, all of the big Turkish newspapers, with headlines that none could miss, announced to the world that the Gazi, who is better known to the world as Moustafa Kemal, had boldly put in motion what may be called the greatest of all his many reforms. Laws and edicts announce most reforms, but the Gazi has his own, peculiar way of turning the faces of his people away from an ancient custom. A soiree held by the Republican Party of the People brought throngs of people to the Gulhane Park, the new recreation gardens at the tip of Stamboul near the site of an old Byzantine theatre and the Acropolis. It was Friday (the Turkish Sunday) and people were finishing off their holiday in grand style. Suddenly, at about 11 p.m., the "Sayad" appeared along the quai, tied up, and suddenly let down its gang plank to allow the Gazi and some of his ministers to descend. An orchestra and a celebrated Arabian singer were entertaining the crowd with Eastern music. The Gazi took a seat among the people and was seen to be making notes as he listened to the concert. The concert over, the Gazi arose from his place and spoke: "I cannot explain to you how happy I am to be with you but I am going to tell briefly something of what I feel. I have written in some short notes which I made just now in your midst what sentiments I feel. I will have someone among you read them." Whereupon he handed the notes to a young man of his party who, dumb because he could not read what he saw, stood embarrassed before the wondering people. Retaking the notes, the Gazi said: "Citizens, these notes are written exclusively with Turkish words and in Turkish characters. Our brother here has attempted to read them. He cannot do it all at once, though doubtless after a little work he would be able to do so. I wish that you all learn to read (the Latin characters) within five or ten days. Comrades, our Turkish language harmonious and rich asserts itself through the new characters."

Thus suddenly and almost without any warning did the Turkish people learn that it would quickly lay aside the old Arabic and Persian writing and learn to read and write all over again. The Gazi's message rang clear: "Now it is time to get to work. I am convinced that neither for you nor for me nor for us all is there any necessity for much speaking. In the future we must be active, we must get in motion, we must step out. Many things have been accomplished, but we must to-day do one thing more which is not the last, but is very essential. Quickly we must learn the new characters and teach them to all citizens, women, men, porters, boatmen. Do this as a duty of patriotism and nationalism. . . . I appeal to the activity of all citizens to attain this end. Later, in one or two years, all Turkish society must know the new characters. Our nation will show by its writing, by its culture that it is on the same level as other civilised nations."

The next day Stamboul and all Turkey with it (for the radio and the telegraph had done their work) were on fire with a new idea. A new interest stirred conversation in the coffee shops, and old heads bent curiously over the little pamphlets explaining the new characters which ambitious street vendors were already hawking about. Several days later walking about the Grand Bazaars, the centre of Stamboul life, one saw little crowds busily studying large letter charts hanging before shop doors. Anywhere, too, one might see a labourer puzzling over the new lesson which the Gazi had called upon him to learn. Newspapers which have always been printed in Arabic and Persian characters began to print their headlines in the new script. Where yesterday there was a penalty for having public signs in anything but the old script, now there

is zeal to paint the new script on top of the old. The European who had always looked upon Turkish writing as an enigma suddenly found familiar words appearing before his eyes.

Who could have guessed that this momentous change could happen within a month? Ever since the war, and perhaps before, a few intellectuals have envisioned a revolution in Turkish writing, but until the night of August 10th none outside the most inner circles dreamed that this revolution would come within five or even ten years. But it has come, and now the nation is straining to make it universal as quickly as possible. Special classes are meeting daily to teach the eager people; the opening of the schools has been delayed several weeks in order that all teachers may be compelled to learn the new writing, for from now all instruction will be by the new medium. Originally it was thought that five years would be required to make the change complete, but now it seems possible that it may be done in less.

A government committee has been working assiduously to standardise the orthography and to produce a new dictionary. Because this committee is basing the spelling of words upon the sound of them, Turkish spelling will be more phonetic than that of any other language. The new alphabet has twenty-eight letters, all of which stand for sounds somewhat similar to those given to them in English except the letter "c" which represents the sound of "j" in the word John.

Magazines and papers are beginning to appear printed entirely in the new script. Printing houses, however, are hard put to it to revise their type and organise for new business. Soon there will be typewriters and linotypes coming from Western manufacturers to speed up the enormous printing orders. Oddly enough one of the first books to appear in the new characters, and the first one produced by private initiative, is a translation into Turkish of one of Edgar Allen Poe's short stories.

One may well ask what will be the ultimate effect of this change? Will it tend to more effectively sever Turkey from her Eastern neighbours when they can no longer read her writing nor she theirs? Of course, it must be remembered that they had writing and not languages in common. On the other hand will this change help to bring Turkey closer into the company of Western nations and increase their understanding and appreciation of her? Whatever the outcome, history will record it as an epochal step, for never has a nation attempted such a move before.

E. L. B. CURTIS.





## FOOL-ERRANTRY.

*(An article wherein will be found nothing to justify the reader's waste of time).*

THE road which joins the historic towns of Bayeux and St. Lô, in France, stretches white and gleaming as far as eye can reach, through a plateau of golden corn-land set high among the sweeping orchards of Normandy, before plunging, with a grand gesture of determination, straight into the gloomy heart of the forest of Sérigny.

On the edge of the golden plateau, one day in late July, an expiring sun sent its last throbbing rays of mellow light across the restless fields stirring languidly beneath the caresses of the evening breeze. In the sky lay crumpled billows of rosy fleece, strewn, as it seemed, upon a background of blue-green satin. And on the road a solitary traveller afoot imbibed, with all the avidity of a thirsty soul, the magic beauty of it all.

It was a man, shabby and dusty—a young man who limped slightly as he swung along his solitary way. But he wore a shapeless felt hat with a rake, and he swung a club-like walking-stick with a jauntiness which bespoke a contented mind and complete satisfaction with the gifts which life had to offer. A dilapidated rucksack on his back saved appearances and confided to the world that its proprietor was not—in spite of evidence in favour of such supposition—a rogue and a vagabond, but a harmless kind of idiot on holiday. Nor did it require an excessive measure of sophistication to deduce that the poor misguided individual was an Englishman—quite an ordinary, average Englishman in his normal mode of life, keeping well under control his natural tendencies to romance and adventure and maintaining the correct Britannic tradition of unimaginative stolidity.

But he was on holiday.

Moreover, he reflected, as he stood still for a moment to light his pipe in the burnished atmosphere of the sunset, the only human being for miles around with the long white road before him shimmering in the molten glow of the sun, and the long white road behind him fading into the slaty blueness of the nether sky—it was the holiday of holidays, the supreme adventure of his life and he didn't care the least little damn if it was to be his last. This he emphasised by bringing his stick down firmly to the ground and indicated the finality of his decision by flicking his match high into the air.

It was growing late, he was reminded seeing the crimson splashes in the sky already changing, here and there, to a sad purple—late, and he was tired and footsore and hungry. Well, he supposed it was no concern of his. No doubt the dream, wherein he seemed to have been cast, would preserve its continuity and produce its own solution without any intervention from him.

Meanwhile the sun had set and in its setting had been very wonderful. Soon the sky would fade into a mysterious star-strewn violet and the roadside would be spaced with the fairy glimmer of glow-worms— He was already anticipating the night when Ricardo appeared.

There was mystery about his coming. He seemed to step suddenly, as it were, from out the dim recesses of the past. He might have been one with the numerous other relics of history which lay strewn about the countryside. Dream-phantom, he was no doubt the inevitable presence on that spot at that hour and the traveller did not indulge his futile curiosity by asking questions. Sufficed it that he stood there now, tall and bony, with humped shoulders and hanging clothes and hands that were thin and hairy, and restless and eloquent as he talked furiously in incoherent patois.

His grey eyes sought those of the traveller, caught them and held them fast, as such eyes do. The young man was conscious of the sallow face entirely fitting his field of vision, so close it was to his; and of extravagant mustachios curling down over them, cruel lips, stretched tightly as he laughed, like an animal's, and revealing massive

yellow teeth ; and above all was he conscious of the sickening exhalation of stale tobacco and spirituous fumes breathed into his face. Yet these were only incidental, semi-conscious intimations. What really struck him, what held him rooted fast to the spot were those eyes—cold and grey, filled with mirth or moisture as occasion demanded but always, one felt, with something sardonic and fiendish. They were a perpetual leer, a constant mockery, whether at the world or at himself one could not be quite sure, but one was sure it was the leer of the cynic.

And he gabbled in excited patois, but paused, seeing the stranger understood him not and began in more restrained French.

It was warm, was it not?—warm, and the pack grew heavier at every step. Ah, he, too—Ricardo—he had walked many miles when he was young. The grey eyes twinkled reminiscently and the cracked voice rose to a note of defiance as he repeated—when he was young. But he was old—old and those senile shoulders were no longer lithe and supple with the radiant health of youth. That was life was it? Continual regret for what was lost and dissatisfaction with what was left, continual change.

“To-morrow—who knows—we may be no more, either of us—you with your unbroke youth, I with my senile disillusionment—eh, eh?” he chuckled interrogatively.

Meanwhile it *was* life and he could still drink his fill down there at the *Lion Rouge*—yes, with the best of them.

He caught the stranger by the coat and came down to more practical and opportune considerations.

The way was long, eh? The stranger would be going to St. Lô—no? And before the latter had time to answer, he went on in rapid monotone with a suggestion of suppressed mirth—a bed would be required. Listen, then : the road stretched on for twelve miles. Five miles further on there was a roadmender’s hut, deserted and locked up ; then six miles of forest—the forest which was called Serigny—and not another human habitation for the rest of the way to St. Lô. The forest was black ; it inspired fear. A man would not be too comfortable—eh?—a fiendish chuckle broke from his lips taut over his teeth like an animal’s, a chuckle of cruel mirth and the wanderer heard him spellbound.

But Ricardo knew the district well. For thirty years he had tramped that road, man and boy—*ancien cantonnier*.

Bathos and disenchantment ! So that was the mystery in all its prosaic simplicity. The wanderer, in spite of a sense of great relief, had to confess himself most disappointed. He could not but feel balked of adventure. The spell was broken. He had expected something of devilry or at least of highway robbery and it proved to be nothing more exciting than a retired roadmender whose soul exalted, no doubt, by intoxication and aroused by a sight so reminiscent of his own youth, now soared upon the pinions of recollection. He rebuked himself mentally for allowing his imagination so to carry him away from reality and probability, telling himself that it was the effect of solitude and enforced self-communion on a mind already but too prone that way.

And still the high-pitched voice went on and still the restless eyes twinkled mockery.

“Listen, then : a mile—say two miles,—a mile and a half, then,—three apple trees in a triangle and a path, a cart-track between two fields. Go down the track—for a mile, say. The track winds down steeply into a glade between two woods—the edge of the plateau. Then a main road, to the right a farmhouse—the only one, unmis-takable, *chez Monéron*.

“*Monéron*—easy to remember, eh?”—he stroked his nose tenderly—“*mon nez rond*, eh, eh?” and he chuckled uncontrollably.

“Enter and knock : say Ricardo hath sent me—he that for thirty years was road-mender on this road—man and boy.”

Moneron had good beds. One was very well *chez Monéron*.



"Go, then—say Ricardo hath sent me—he that for thirty years——" the voice trailed off, the gleaming eyes became suddenly dim and lifeless. He gazed around him in apprehension. Then with a brusque movement of his hand:

"Go, *chez Monéron*. Good-night." And he hobbled off into the deepening dusk, in the direction whence the stranger had just come.

In spite of the fairly explicit directions which Ricardo had given him it was more than an hour before the traveller arrived at the haven wherein he hoped to find food and shelter.

Boldly the adventurer approached and pushed open the big iron gates leading into the somewhat evil-smelling courtyard. They swung open with a startling shriek of alarm and at once a million dogs seemed to spring and strain at the leash with savage lust for his blood. There were in reality two—monstrous, ferocious brutes. He shuddered and was not a little disheartened.

At the commotion the whole household had assembled at the door of the farmhouse and now gazed with hostile eyes at the intruder as he advanced, small and intrepid, the focus-point of such mighty forces of animosity.

He was confronted by a huge lady-of-the-house. Enormous rotundity, she filled the whole doorway; the others—her husband, two sons and two daughters—gazed over her shoulders, or peeped through wherever her physical characteristics allowed a line of vision to penetrate between her bulk and the doorposts which framed it.

She was frankly aggressive:

"What do you want?"

"A bed and food."

"What are you?"

"An Englishman and a traveller."

"Why do you travel?"

"For my pleasure."

"Like that?" (incredulously).

"It is my fancy."

"Have you any papers?"

"Passport."

"Show."

He produced the document wherein Viscount Curzon of Kedleston, concentrating in his person all the power and commandment of the King and Parliament of Great Britain desired all and sundry whom it might concern, to guide and protect this certified subject of his Britannic Majesty according as he should require. And this earnest request, albeit unintelligible to those to whom it was now addressed, by virtue of some inherent quality—possibly the dignity of his Britannic Majesty's arms emblazoned in gold on a cover of discreet blue—immediately brought about a slight reversion of favour. The hostility, although not entirely dispelled, was nevertheless modified.

"Wherefore come you here of all places? This is no inn; we have no room."

"Ricardo hath sent me," announced the traveller with ritualistic assurance. But if he expected this mystic formula to be a kind of universal "Open Sesame" he was sadly disappointed. Indeed, there was blank bewilderment in the air and a murmur of interrogation.

"Ricardo? Who is he? What is he?"

"He that for thirty years was road mender on this road—man and boy."

"Ah, yes—Ricardo—I remember him. Regularly, every three months he was wont to call. But that—that was in the days of Laure, my first wife. The children were small then; there was room: now they are grown up and have children of their

own; there are no longer any empty beds. Monsieur sees how it is? Otherwise—  
and yet, if Monsieur would—if Monsieur is not over-nice—there is the barn—full of  
straw: one might be very comfortable if one would——”

“It is all I require,” answered the traveller without delay and with infinite relief.

“Ah, then enter Monsieur; Monsieur is welcome. Make haste wife, Monsieur  
is hungry——”

And in a few minutes the wanderer was tasting all the joys of Norman hospitality.

WILHELMUS PEREGRINUS.



## MOOD.

WHY won't you cease to worry and fret,  
Strange wild-cat,  
With your ruffled fur and your reddened eye,  
Howling and hurling against the too  
Strong bars of your ample prison cage,  
As though you would beat your body through  
By very persistence: and ever and aye  
Spitting and hissing and mad with rage,  
Though so very uselessly  
You tear on continually,  
Why won't you cease to worry and fret?

There is room enough within your cage—  
Things like you  
To sport with and fight with each new day.  
Why do you ever range and claw  
Round the limits, and round again,  
As if life held for you nothing more?  
Others find plenty of pleasure in play,  
Room to romp in, toil and feign.  
They care not for long shadows that  
Line all their play-ground.  
Strange wild-cat  
Why won't you cease to worry and fret?

RES.

## THE GENTLE ART OF INTROSPECTION.

"MAN, know thyself."

That is good advice ; but like most advice, it must be taken to the full or not at all. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing in any connection, but most of all in this.

Most people who really think at all intelligently are wildly introspective. It is a charming and flattering pastime, and tends to grow on one. It is not, as one might think, developed by isolation, but by too gregarious a habit of life. The solitary sees too little of the human race to be very interested in examples of it. He tends to forget his existence as an individual, and to see himself as a particle in an immense universe. He is aware that these particles are not large enough to differ very importantly ; they are amazingly alike ; and a minute disproportion in his psychological make up is not likely to upset the balance of the suns and moons. But when a man gets shut up in a herd, especially an intelligent herd, his universe is made up of individuals. His field of vision is exceedingly limited and exceedingly intense. He begins to make use of an unparalleled opportunity for studying his fellow-beings. He dabbles a finger-tip in psychology and feels himself all over with it. He prods viciously at comparatively innocuous plague spots till they inflame irritably, and becomes self-conscious about the most valuable qualities of his heart. He loses part of his sense of proportion, puts down a perfectly harmless dislike of a neighbour to the semi-conscious repression of a sub-conscious inferiority complex, or something even more luscious, and naturally begins to loathe the fellow. He begins to realise that his is a beautiful nature ; he even finds that he is misunderstood and not fully appreciated. He becomes tolerant towards his neighbours—and especially his seniors—till they would rejoice to throw plates at him. When he makes a joke at the expense of a friend and no one seems to find it funny, he is very forgiving, and tries a simpler story on his audience. The real trouble begins when he takes to making puns ; then, however much we want to laugh we pursue our conversation with the blandest of dignity.

It is perhaps unjust to say "he," because this sort of thing goes on rather more among the women. If the suffragette who doesn't believe we will go and sleep in a dorm. for a year or so, her eyes will be opened, unless she is totally devoid of character sense.

She will probably also remark the adorer, generally of more attractive character than the adored, and gifted with a less self-radiating point of view. She will endeavour to share X's young sorrows, and X will tell you that of course she's a dear, but such a child and so simple-minded.

The tragedy is that it's generally the good material that picks up this contagion. It only catches it because it's admitted to the more intellectual cliques, and earns a few genuinely deserved compliments.

The most dangerous form that this disease takes is that of playing *Deus ex machina* to someone else's personality. It's worse than fatal to start pawing anyone's character. The only safe way to influence another person is by example, only the sufferers from infection will sit about giving personal advice ; whereas it is perfectly obvious to any one who thinks that if a man feel fit to give personal advice he obviously isn't.

A.H.O.



## CONGRESS AT ABERYSTWYTH.

"THE rush to books and universities," says Mr. Aldous Huxley somewhere or other, "is like the rush to the public houses. People want to drown their realisation of the difficulties of living properly in this grotesque contemporary world, they want to forget their own deplorable inefficiency as artists in life. . . . Living's much more difficult than Sanskrit or chemistry or economics." And everywhere, up and down the country, much the same criticism is made. We learn to become specialists while we are at the University; we do not learn to live. We become experts on Engineering or write theses on Bergson, but have not learnt the art of life. There are bigger lands and wider seas than ever we dreamed of in our lecture rooms; or perhaps we did dream of them at lectures, but had no time to dream for long. Life is a whole and we are for ever dividing it up into parts, fields separated by stone walls, like those in the limestone country of the North. At the N.U.S. Congress at Aberystwyth we hope to step over some of these walls and knock a few down. We shall endeavour to see life as it is, life as a whole.

What is the Congress about? Some of life's finest things are the most difficult to name. And we have had some difficulty in arriving at a title for this Congress. Eventually the Committee has decided to be plain and the subject has been announced as *The Things Worth Doing In Life*. But we shall not be so much concerned with things as with life. Perhaps we would have done better to have spoken of the *Life worth living*, or, like Aristotle, simply of the *Good Life*. Seeing life as a whole we promptly proceed to divide it up into bits. Being practical men and women the first thing that occurs to us is our Career. But our career is not everything: we eat meals and sometimes go to the pictures: the second subject that we shall discuss is *Leisure*. Nor do we lead solitary lives: they are intimately bound up with the lives of other men and women, our friends and our families. So the third thing to be discussed is *Personal Relationships*. Lastly we are members of a Community: we owe certain duties to our nation, to our town, to our University. The fourth subject will be that of *Public Responsibilities*.

Professor Zimmern has promised to speak to us on this last subject. Those of us who have read his recently-published *Learning and Leadership* know that we are not likely to be disappointed in the things he has to say. It is probable that the speaker on *Personal Relationships* will be that author who is well known to the world as Ian Hay. We hope to secure a leading industrialist to speak on *Careers*, one who has made a success of his own career, and who knows of the openings in the world for University men and women. And our speaker on *Leisure* will not be one who has much spare time, but one who knows how to use it. The Congress Preacher is to be Canon Raven. There could probably be no better choice. For Canon Raven has not only considerable academic experience, nor is he only a Canon, but he is also a Scientist. Again, if you have read *A Wanderer's Way* you will know the sort of thing to expect. Another speaker will be Sir William Beach Thomas, who will address a meeting that has been arranged by the University of London Animal Welfare Society. We do not know much about this Society. We know a lot about Sir William Beach Thomas.

There will be the usual Congress features. This conveys a great deal to those who are in the know. Again there will be a session of a model Parliament, at which the Conservative Party will form a Government and present a King's Speech. Again the Congress will be thronged with foreign visitors, who will give us an opportunity to learn much of lands distant from our own. Again there will be an Editors' Conference—and those editors who have attended such conferences in the past will want to come again. Furthermore, there will be a film—probably the Russian film *Mother* that it is impossible to see in ordinary cinemas. And a play—King's College, London, will produce *The Witch*—an exciting play if ever there was one. There will be a Concert.

The N.U.S. Sun will make a gay re-appearance. There will also be many opportunities for discussion. There will also be all the usual Congress features in another sense of the word. Mr. Bagnall will be there, and Mr. Macadam—need we say more.

We had almost forgotten to say that the Congress is to be held at Aberystwyth. It is the first Congress to be held in Wales. It is the first Congress to be held by the sea. It is the first Congress to be held within easy reach of mountains. All these are important things that will make the Congress of 1929 unique, a gathering to be remembered. Opportunities of excursions are almost unlimited. The College is itself our one College by the sea. Almost all the windows of bedrooms where members will sleep look out directly towards the horizon. Parties from the different universities will commandeer whole houses and hotels. The Opening Ceremony of the Congress will take place in the National Library of Wales, one of the most beautiful buildings of this century. Colonel David Davies, President of the University of Wales, will be host for the evening: there will be Welsh music and an opportunity to see some of the treasures that the Library contains. The dance, later in the week, is to be given by the Mayor and Corporation as an official welcome. There will be daily dancing on the pier. And we have heard rumours of fish to be caught in Cardigan Bay.

This will be a Congress with a difference, for it will be a Congress in Wales, it will be a Congress by the Sea. If spring comes suddenly upon us you will be able to bathe early, before breakfast. And if winter continues there will probably be skating parties by moonlight on the sea.

Train arrangements are good: there will be a special train for Congress members from Shrewsbury and a specially cheap lunch on the train. Reduced fares, of course. The inclusive fee for the Congress is £3 17s. 6d. Meanwhile it is time to register. Ask your N.U.S. representative for a form, and despatch it at once.



## SHORT STORY COMPETITION.

**A**LTHOUGH first efforts are notoriously weak, we had hoped for rather better results than have been obtained from our first short story competition.

Mr. G. G. Dudley, B.A., LL.B., an honorary member of the Union and at one time an editor of our magazine, very kindly consented to judge the entries. After reading the five efforts which were submitted, however, he advised us to withhold the award on the ground that none of the entries came up to a reasonable standard. Heaviness, lack of organic unity, verbosity and childishness were a few of the defects which Mr. Dudley found.

In spite of his natural disappointment at having to make such a report, Mr. Dudley has generously promised to retain his position of judge for another trial.

The prize which was withheld (£1 1s.) will again be offered next term. The following conditions should be observed:

1. Only members of the Union are eligible as competitors.
2. Entries addressed "West Saxon Short Story Competition" should be placed in the Students' Council Hut not later than May 7th.
3. Entries should not exceed 3,000 words in length.
4. The award may be divided or withheld at the discretion of the Judge.

## OUR VILLAGE.

K.W. and O.D.



The Youngest Inhabitant.

"Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days."

—*Congreve.*



Simple Village Maiden.

"Among the lambs, clothed in white,  
She walked with her Thomas . . ."

—*William Blake.*



The Parson's Son.

"This gallant pins the wenches on his  
sleeve,  
Had he been Adam he had tempted  
Eve."

—*"Love's Labours Lost."*



The Barmaid.

"And here to every thirsty wanderer  
By sly enticement gives her baneful  
cup."

—*"Comus." Milton.*

"C'est lui! c'est Roméo!"

—*Theodora de Banville.*



**The District Visitor.**

"Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way  
Of starved people. . . ."

—"*Merchant of Venice*."



**The Parson.**

"Ethereal minstrel! Pilgrim of the skies!"

—*Wordsworth*.



**The Village Idiot.**

"There is a pleasure sure  
In being mad which none but madmen  
know."

—*Dryden*.



**The Oldest Inhabitant.**

"What can an old man do but die?"

—*Hood*.

## A BALLAD OF U.C.S.

I WAS a student, fancy free,  
(Coffee and buns at eleven o'clock).  
And solemnly shunned frivolity,  
(Coffee and buns at eleven o'clock).

As I sat at work in a lofty hall,  
(Coffee and buns at eleven o'clock) ;  
I spied a maiden, slim and tall,  
(Coffee and buns at eleven o'clock).

Alas ! my heart was smitten sore !  
(Coffee and buns at eleven o'clock) ;  
She rose and glided through the door,  
(Coffee and buns at eleven o'clock).

With bated breath I followed after,  
(Coffee and buns at eleven o'clock) ;  
Lured by sound of her distant laughter,  
(Coffee and buns at eleven o'clock).

Down paths and corridors swift I sped,  
(Coffee and buns at eleven o'clock) ;  
And arrived at the tryst a minute ahead,  
(Coffee and buns at eleven o'clock).

T'was 11.10, but I knew no fear,  
(Coffee and buns at eleven o'clock) ;  
She entered . . . with an engineer,  
(Coffee and buns at eleven o'clock).

Disgraced and broken, I fled away,  
(Coffee and buns at eleven o'clock) ;  
The lecturer met me in Covered Way,  
(Coffee and buns at eleven o'clock).

No need to hurry ! Wait a sec . . . !  
(Coffee and buns at eleven o'clock) ;  
I've left my notes in the Staff Refec !  
(Coffee and buns at eleven o'clock).

ANON.



S.D.B



## A TALE OF TEN.



Ten little student lads  
Thought College life sublime  
Till one called his tutor "Joe"!  
And then there were nine.



Of nine little student lads,  
It pains us to relate,  
One pipped in all his terminals  
And then there were eight.

Eight little student lads  
All to work were given,  
Till one met a maiden fair  
And then there were seven.

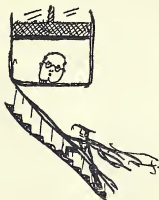


Seven little student lads  
Inspired by Miss Ricks  
Tried to live on vitamins  
And then there were six.

Then six little student lads  
Only just alive  
Staggered to refec., and gorged,  
And then there were five.



Five little student lads  
Went to Woolworth's store  
One bought some brilliantine  
And then there were four.



Four little student lads  
 Went out on the spree  
 The Warden caught one rather late  
 And then there were three.

Three little student lads  
 Daily better grew,  
 From one sprang a pair of wings  
 And then there were two.

Two little student lads  
 To swot had just begun  
 For Final, when one ran amok  
 And then there was one.



One little student lad  
 On a direful day  
 Went to Prinny minus gown—  
 De lui c'en est fait !



## ON STYLE.

I THINK the Editor of the *West Saxon* ought always to be a man. If he buttonholes you in the corridor you can always say: "Hang it all, man, d'you think I've nothing else to do but throw off articles? Haven't I got all last year's work to make up?" But you can't say "Hang it all, man," to a lady, can you?

Have you ever tried to write an article for the Magazine? I am now.

First of all you find your subject. That's quite easy. You find a dozen, but they'll none of them do. But suppose you do get one.

Well, then, you've only got to write about it. That's ever so easy. You ask any department if it isn't ever so easy to write an article once you've got the subject. You ask the Geography Department. They all walk about smiling, because, when you've done two essays a week for a year, it just comes naturally. I know one of them who always writes his essays with his left hand while he draws a map with his right.

The only difficulty is style.

Now, if you're a famous writer you can write anything and everybody says: "What wonderful style he's got." I haven't quite got there yet. But look at the author of the Bible. He goes and writes things like:

"And when they arose in the morning behold they were all dead corpses."

He wasn't Irish either. At least, I don't think so. If you're Irish it's only your spelling that matters. But if I'd written that my tutor would have put a great black exclamation mark beside it, and made me rewrite it. Well, if he'd rewritten that I'd like to see the original, that's all.

And my tutor says: "Don't repeat yourself." My tutor repeats himself every time he sees one of my essays. He said: "Good lord!" the first time and he's said it every time since. Do you call that style? Do you call it fulness of expression? Because I don't.

And he says: "Don't be content with short, bare sentences. Aim at richness. Aim at beautifully balanced phrases. Don't be afraid of figures of speech."

Well, the last time but four that I was reported to him, I shut his door on my toe.

I wasn't content with short bare sentences. I aimed at richness, and beautifully balanced phrases, and I, hit them, too. I wasn't a bit afraid of figures of speech, either. And he didn't like that.

There; I've been all this time trying to write an article for that great hectoring creature and I haven't even got my style under weigh. Anyway, the Editor will return my contribution with the raspberry.

In revenge, I won't buy a copy of his beastly rag.

(And one must sell the magazine.—Ed.)



## SAYINGS FROM OUR POETS—LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

WE have heard that Mr. S—  
 Went to take an early bathe  
 In the Itchen.  
 He's repented his rashness, of that we are sure  
 Since Matron's good tonics he's had to endure  
 (Benger's food from the kitchen).

Once the T.D. class was working  
 ('Twas said) for in the library lurking  
 Appeared many a well-known face.  
 But we'd make a rash conjecture  
 Several there had cut a lecture  
 Storm expected. Hail in certain place.

A senior student on a summer day  
 Broke into melody upon her way  
 Across the hall. Then, stopping suddenly,  
 Bethought her part, and cried with dignity  
 (Looking behind) "Be quiet there, I say!"

S— gave a lot of help on Open Day,  
 Showing folks round and pointing out the way,  
 But this the kindest deed he did by far—  
 Showed Mr. Casson where to park his car.

OBSERVERS.

## QUOTATIONS.

*In the Inter-Latin Class.*

"The ass knoweth his master's crib."

*Of A Hostel.*

"These bars inclose the wilder den  
 Of those wild creatures called men."—*Marvell.*

"For myself I can be pleased with bread and water, yet send me a little cheese that  
 when I want to be extravagant I may be."—*Epicurus.*

*Miss -ic-s.*

"With what a waving air she goes  
 Along the corridor . . .  
 And every motion of her shape doth seem  
 Hallowed by silence."—*Mirandola.*

*A certain member of the Rugger Team.*

"Out of the mud that covers me,  
 Black as the pit from head to thigh;  
 I thank whatever gods may be  
 For my unconquerable try!"  
*W. E. Henley (also adapted).*

## LOWBROW.

The Editor of the *West Saxon*.

Sir,

**P**URSUED by advertisements, I read Mr. Herklots' article "Highbrow or Lowbrow" in this term's *University*. As one who was born with a very average forehead and has all his life avoided the brush back I can hardly claim to be an unprejudiced critic. Possibly this is why Mr. Herklots' apology for highbrowism, excellent as far as it goes, seems to me inadequate.

Mr. Herklots has defended highbrowism as an occupation with "the durable satisfactions of life." Most of us would admit that music, art and literature give us a certain amount of enjoyment, even if we are not above amusement for "one and three-pence" (or even eightpence!) "round the corner at the Picture House." My objection is almost the exact opposite of that which Mr. Herklots answers. So far from quarrelling with the highbrow for avoiding "bare facts," I maintain that he makes too much of them. As I know him, he is essentially a serious-minded person. He takes an interest, not only in music, literature and art, but in philosophy causes, effects and social questions.

Now, sir, most of us arrange our lives, as far as we can, so as to make ourselves happy. Mr. Herklots tells us that the highbrow has learnt to enjoy what seems to him best in life. This is very desirable. But what if, instead of being the harmless poor scholar so effectively pictured in the article, the highbrow is actually a mischief-maker whose golden hours of conversation and interest in humanity cause much heart burning in himself and his acquaintance? What if, in his pursuit of the abstract and the detailed, he will never allow us to forget the disagreeable?

To illustrate my point, take our recent inter-varsity debate. Whom did we consider the highbrow—the man who took the question seriously or the rest? Had we been a highbrow community we should all have taken the question seriously. For two hours we should have exercised our minds in debating whether modern civilisation is responsible for the evils from which the world is suffering. Possibly we might even have decided (as we did not) that it is responsible.

Anything duller or more useless than a proceeding of this kind I cannot imagine. What does it matter whether or not civilisation is to blame? Evidently the evils exist.

As it was, being rather a lowbrow community, we spent a thoroughly entertaining evening, and one that was not without value. The "irrelevant repartee" to which I have heard our few highbrows make sorrowful reference was distinctly witty. The "irrelevant facts" that civilisation is in the position to cure itself, that it could wipe out its slums, for instance, with the incomes for one year of its super-tax payers, or that the evils of slum, crime and mental deficiency belong in the picture of humanity to the rear rather than to the van of civilisation's army—these are much more interesting and healthy than abstract questions of moral responsibility.

We cannot, indeed, get much satisfaction durable or otherwise out of life if we do not know that wrong can be, and probably will be in time, put right, and if we cannot see evil in its true perspective to life. Happiness will elude us somehow if, like Mr. Herklots' highbrow in the restaurant, we are continually watching the faces of our fellow men.

How much better it is for us all if, in the manner of one of the speakers at the debate, we have to look up the meaning of evil in the dictionary: or if we can share with another the pleasant conviction that "there can't be very much wrong with the whole show as we manage to have a very good time out of it."

Yours faithfully,

"MASTER QUICKLEY."

## LIVERPOOL, 1929.

**A** DEQUATELY to describe the Conference of the Student Christian Movement at Liverpool is rather a difficult task in an article which must of necessity be short. It would be impossible to give a summary of even the principal addresses not only because of their number, but even more because of their very nature. Nevertheless, I can attempt to give an impression of the Conference as a whole.

The subject of the Conference was "The Purpose of God in the Life of the World." Has God a purpose in the life of the world? If He has, what is the nature of it? How is it to be achieved? Is God at present at work in the world? These were some of the questions which the speakers set themselves to answer.

In the meetings in the morning an attempt was made to answer the first of these questions. The speakers were not, however, in complete agreement. Rev. F. R. Barry seemed to stress the "other worldliness of the Gospel." To Canon Raven and Rev. R. O. Hall life in this world was of greater importance. "All our conduct and relationships," said Canon Raven, "must express and be consistent with our religion. 'By their fruits ye shall know them': 'Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord': 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren': such sayings warn us against exaggerating the other worldliness of the Gospel." Yet there is surely no real conflict between these two points of view. This Mr. Barry himself showed in a second address. "The Gospel as first preached was other-worldly in its emphasis. It was not a new programme for Society. It was all concerned with re-birth and forgiveness and the redemptive love of God the Father. . . . But the moment it entered into history it began at once to rebuild civilisation, to verify itself in concrete living. For if at the centre of the Universe there is God the Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ, if Love is indeed the reality, then that means the rebirth of all our attitudes." To Rev. R. O. Hall the keyword was "friendship." "I believe that God means the world for friendship—friendship between nations, friendship between men, and, above all and in it all, friendship between man and God." Several other speakers took this line. "We are called," said Mr. John MacMurray, "not to serve Christ and to serve the world, but to be the friends of Christ and the friends of men." To him the words "service" and "self-sacrifice" were meaningless in a perfect friendship.

In another series of meetings the speakers tried to show what evidence there was of a creative purpose of God at work. Dr. T. Z. Koo showed the work of God in the remaking of China. Mr. C. F. Andrews dealt with racial relationships, and Mr. Ben Turner with industry and commerce. Finally the Archbishop of York showed how the purpose of God was being and could be achieved through the Christian Church.

The afternoon meetings showed us what we in our various callings could do for the fulfilment of God's purpose. There were meetings of special interest to education students, science students, medicals, and theologicals, to those thinking of going overseas in an official or business capacity, to those entering industrial and commercial careers, and lastly to those who contemplated devoting themselves to missionary service.

I have attempted to give some idea of the message of the chief speakers, and to show how the Conference faced the problems concerning the purpose of God. Rev. Edward Shillito, in "An Impression of the Conference," his introduction to the official report says: "It was not the speakers but the hearers who first arrested the attention of the observer." There were over two thousand delegates, of whom about 1,500 were students, representing thirty-eight different countries. As we sat perhaps beside an African or an Indian student, listening to Mr. Andrews' address on racial relationships, we could not but feel that we were beginning to put into practice the ideal of "friendship between nations, between men, and between man and God." Liverpool, 1929, gave a new impetus to our own small efforts to achieve the purpose of God.

E.M.M.



## STUDENTS' UNION NOTES.

**A**T its last meeting before Christmas the Students' Council was very pleased to express the appreciation of the whole Union in presenting the senior treasurer, Mr. R. A. Hodgson, with an initialled attaché case. For more than three years Mr. Hodgson has guarded the Union's finances, and he has performed the duties of his office with an efficiency which has been a model for all other office bearers. It is to be hoped that the Union will long be able to enjoy the benefit of Mr. Hodgson's invaluable help and interest.

The carol singing, organised at the end of last term, and which has now become a happy feature of the end of each Christmas term, was very successful, over a hundred students taking part. The sum of £17 15s., which was collected within three hours, has been handed to the Children's Hospital.

A further testimony to the active life of the Union was borne early in the term by the excellent production of the Stage Society. In addition to the initial performance for Staff, Students and friends, two performances were given in aid of the Appeal Fund, and on each occasion the cast excelled itself. The Society is to be congratulated upon its splendid effort. The production of the Choral and Orchestral Society is being eagerly awaited and there is every prospect that it will be as outstanding a success as that of last year. These two societies undoubtedly reveal a vigour in the social life of the College of which the Union may justly be proud. If the other societies can attain and maintain such a standard, one side, at least, of the life of the College will be equal to that of any University.

On January 19th a Theatre Rag, arranged by the Men's Common Room Committee, was well attended and very enjoyable.

It was with considerable regret that the Students' Council discovered that the Chairman, Vice-Chairman and Senior Treasurer of the Athletic Union were not members of the Students' Union. It seemed very much out of order that officers of a student organisation should not be members of the Union; particularly in view of the interest and willingness to help which Mr. Grant, Mr. Dudley and Mr. Glover James have always shown in connection with student activities. These good friends of the Union have therefore been asked to accept honorary membership.

After long years of faithful guardianship, the College Father has at last become too frail for his arduous duties. A successor, whom it is hoped to install with all due ceremony, has been secured; and it may confidently be anticipated that he will maintain untarnished those traditions which his predecessor has guarded at least since the



beginning of the century; and that he will see the College go forward to yet greater things, not the least of which will be the attainment of University rank.

As the existing College badges were incomplete and were possessed by very few students, the Students' Council has secured a supply of badges of a new pattern, selected from designs submitted by the Birmingham Medal Company.

A general meeting of the Union was held on February 6th, when, among other business, an amendment to the constitution was approved allowing members of Staff and other approved persons to become members of the Union upon payment of an appropriate subscription. This will enable such non-members of the Union to join Union Societies. It was also proposed, subject to the approval of the College Council to call such members "Associate Members"; reserving the term "Honorary Members" for persons who become members at the invitation of the Students' Council.

During the meeting the Chairman of the Rag Committee, Mr. Marsh, outlined the proposed arrangements for the forthcoming Rag. The Rag Committee, which has been meeting weekly since last term, was very sorry to lose its secretary, Mr. Littlejohn, but it has been fortunate in securing Mr. Foy to fill the vacant office. Two concerts were held during the week preceding the Rag, and at the second, which the Mayor of Southampton attended, Alderman Bowyer very kindly conducted a short auction sale in aid of the hospital fund. It is hoped to make the contribution of last year up to a thousand pounds, and so to complete the endowment of a bed at the hospital.

The inter-varsity functions, held on the week-end commencing February 8th, were even more successful than in previous years, and some exceedingly interesting speakers among the delegates made the debate both witty and enjoyable. The Literary and Debating Society has not before secured as one of the principal speakers an ex-President of the Oxford Union or such worthy supporters and opposers. The delegates were received by the Principal before the inter-varsity dinner, which preceded the debate. Thanks to the efforts of the Soirée Committee, the Union dance on the following Saturday, for which midnight leave had been secured, was equally enjoyable. The sincerest thanks of the Union are due to those who so kindly extended hospitality to the delegates; to those who assisted in entertaining them during the week-end, and particularly to Miss Kirby, Miss Caws and Mr. Stedman to whose untiring efforts the success of the week-end was so largely due.

L.H.S.

## SOIRÉE.



THERE is amongst the students of the College, in spite of the frequent grumbling heard in the common-rooms, a determination to look on the brighter side of affairs. It is needed, especially at Soirées. The first impression of the College Hall upon any visitors must be depressing, but to the hardened majority it had on this night an almost inviting appearance. The deceit of this was soon apparent. The floor, rejecting the loads of chalk lavishly scattered by the Secretary, remained obdurate and tenacious, yet even this was temporarily forgotten in the unaccustomed pleasure of hearing a good dance band, and for Stoneham men, of sitting down to an attractively served supper.

The College cries of its visitors and the amazingly versatile speech made by Mr. Franklin served to relieve the monotony of dancing and to emphasise that spirit of comradeship and intimacy which should be the key-note of all student functions.



Finally there was the boon of leave until midnight, but late conferred upon us, and feeling like guilty schoolboys, caught out in some foolish prank, Stoneham men fled up the covered way, down the deserted corridor and "home."

P.J.O.

## STUDENTS' GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.



SINCE the last account of its activities was given, the S.G.S. has been favoured with two excellent lantern lectures by members of the Staff.

On November 22nd, R. Casson, Esq., M.A., transported us in imagination to the teak forests of Burma. The pictures shown of trained elephants at work in the lumber industry were particularly entertaining. Numerous anecdotes which the lecturer gave of his own experiences in Burma added to the enjoyment of a lecture which was greatly appreciated by a large audience of friends and members.

Early this term, on January 23rd, a party, about fifty in number, took advantage of the courtesy of the Director-General to visit the

Ordnance Survey Offices. Col. G. S. S. Cooke welcomed the Society in the library, where three groups were formed, who were shown every stage in the drawing, printing and mounting of maps.

On February 7th Prof. O. H. T. Rishbeth, M.A., F.R.G.S., gave an interesting account of Canada as he saw it during a trans-continental journey by the C.P.R. The slides which accompanied the lecture included pictures of almost every phase of Canadian scenery and economic development, from the little coastal settlements of the French-Canadian "habitants" to the growing cities of the Prairies.

Lady Hosie, the well-known authority on China, had kindly promised to give us a lecture on that country, but to our great disappointment, was prevented by illness from honouring the Society with a visit.

F.H.B.

## THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

SINCE the *West Saxon* went to press last term, the members of the Engineering Society who have been able to attend, have been treated to no less than six first class lectures. They have been as follows:

"The Romney Hythe and Dymchurch Light Railway," "Indian Irrigation Works," "Airship R 101," "Modern Methods of Gas Production," "Training of Engineers," and "Modern Welding Systems and Applications."

Without exception, these lectures have been of a very high standard, and proved both interesting and instructive to young and old alike. Reports of all these lectures have been published in the local Press after each occasion giving a summary of the proceedings, and for these we must thank our student journalist.

Now that the weather conditions are assuming the aspect of our usual English summer (?) our minds turn from the lecture room and seek expansion by visiting works in the Southampton District, and it is hoped that one or two such visits will be but happy memories when this crude literary effort reaches the reader.

Two very important items of our annual programme will take place next term, viz., the Annual General Meeting, and the annual visit, which will this year be to Messrs. J. Stone & Co., of London.

AMICEME

**S.C.M.**

**T**HIS term has been one of great activity in the S.C.M. Towards the end of the Christmas vacation the Movement held its quadrennial Conference at Liverpool, which four students of this College attended. Finance Week has called forth the talents and powers of students in raising funds which are urgently needed. Owing to the crowded programme for this term we have only been able to arrange two general meetings for this term. We were pleased to welcome Mr. H. Baines to Southampton this term and hope that both he and Miss Morgan-Owen will be able to visit us next. Prayer meetings and study circles have been continued and we should be pleased to welcome more students to these.

*On the Universal Day of Prayer for Students (February 21st) the Rev. Spencer kindly conducted a special service for students at St. Mary's Church, South Stoneham, and the Churches of Southampton joined us in prayer on that day.*

H.Y.

**GRAMOPHONE CLUB.**

**A** NUMBER of concerts have been held this session, and judging by the numbers attending them, they have been very popular.

Both instrumental and vocal records have been played. Of the latter, the excerpts from Gilbert and Sullivan Operas were specially appreciated in view of the forthcoming production of *Iolanthe* by the Choral Society.

On February 11th, Mr. Williams gave a recital of modern music by English and foreign composers, with explanations and short biographical sketches of the composers. We are indebted to Mr. Williams for a most enjoyable and instructive recital of music the quality of which had perhaps not been fully appreciated by all of us.

Another variation from the usual gramophone concert was a vocal and instrumental concert given on February 18th by students. This concert proved that the musical talent in the College is up to the standard of former years.

We are hoping to have a programme of music by a String Quartet before the end of this term.

E.A.C.

**LEAGUE OF NATIONS SOCIETY AND CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB.**

**T**HE possibility of a small war in South America during the Christmas vacation sent us with renewed energy to Study Circles on "Disarmament." We have also endeavoured to keep pace with the rapid succession of monarchs in Afghanistan, and with other current events.

As regards lectures—a large audience enjoyed Dr. Rutherford's talk on "American Universities," whilst a much smaller, but equally enthusiastic one, heard Col. Kettlewell speaking on "The Great Alternative."

We would here give preliminary notice of an International Congress, to be held in Glasgow in January, 1930, under the auspices of the B.U.L.N.S. Famous men from all walks of life are being invited to speak; details of cost, etc., are as yet unavailable, but thanks to the splendid hospitality offered by the Glasgow branch of the L.N.U., expenses will be very reasonable. We therefore look to all those returning next session to see to it that U.C.S. sends a large delegation.

B.A.N.

**LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.**

**I**T is usual for a war lord's despatches and diary to be published some fifty years after his death and though such a fate might be termed hard for the minutes of the Inter-

Varsity Debate, yet the Muse of College History must on this occasion maintain a dignified yet comprehending silence. A somewhat intolerant and selfish outside world, not knowing what is involved, demands everything as its due and birthright,

considering the finished article as peculiarly its own. Were this not the case where would all local pride and patriotism be? Sufficient is it to say that the Inter-Varsity Debate materialised; and University College, Southampton, congratulated itself on its splendid contribution to Thought (with a distinctly capital "T") and at that, things were best left.

Without wishing in any way to detract from what appeared to be an enjoyable evening, we fear that debating or possibly more accurately, that serious exchange of argument once considered debating, has become a lost art. Some three years ago the College Hall was first graced by the presence of delegates from other Universities and idealistic fanaticism strove to outweigh intense practicability since those now seemingly far off days there has come about a change. That year saw mighty argument. Speakers launched forth into the realms of philosophy, art, music, literature and statistics, in order to buttress arguments already cogent enough. Impassioned oratory and pointed illustration sought with reasoned logic to win over the minds of those who listened.

This year there was but little appeal to reason—it was more to the fancy and the risible muscles. Thought was abandoned for epigram, the weight of reason for the power of humour.

Whether this is a change for the better or the worse, it is not ours to decide, we merely organise and leave judgment to others. But at the same time to many there must come a regret that the true spirit of debating has passed and again we will leave it at that.

Having in set fashion mourned our dead, we may now turn to what was the chief aspect of the evening, its levity. The subject was not really easy to debate, it was either too big or too small, just as the speakers regarded it. This seemed in no way to inconvenience them; indeed, it may be said to have encouraged them with the result that laughter was no stranger within our walls and 1929 may well be regarded as having sent down its quota to our inter-varsity efforts.

T.M.S.



#### HIGHFIELD HALL.

**H**OSTEL functions have been very few as yet this term. Owing to our numerous 'flu victims, we were unable to entertain the seniors of South Stoneham House as arranged, but we hope to entertain both South Stoneham and Russell Houses in the Assembly Hall on February 20th.

The loss of many of our finest trees, and the mutilation of the rose garden announce at last the coming of our new hostel, the first wing of which we expect to see in a few months' time.

We are pleased to be able to state that the amount of quinine consumed (neat or otherwise) is rapidly decreasing, and that gargling competitions have now ceased.

N.M.L.

### MONTEFIORE HALL.

THIS term's activities have not received the support from some members of the Hall that they have merited. We earnestly hope that this spirit of indifference will die a natural death before affecting the few enthusiastic members of Montefiore who helped to make a success of our entertainment of South Stoneham juniors.

We congratulate Miss I. MacKeith on being elected the Junior Representative of Montefiore Hall.

R.M.

### SOUTH HILL.

THIS term for us has been one of great activity. At present most of us are occupied with *Iolanthe* and finance week.

Our juniors, now no longer freshers, have settled down and are taking their part as well as the older members of the house.

We spent two very enjoyable evenings entertaining Stoneham Seniors and Juniors respectively, and are looking forward to paying visits to Stoneham and Russell House quite soon.

Preparations for a ping-pong match with Highfield Hall are also in progress.

Despite all these frivolities we have had no reason to suspect that the more serious business of college life has suffered.

D.L.H.

### RUSSELL HOUSE.

INFLUENZA has, amongst other things, been responsible for the postponing or cancelling of more than one entertainment. However, our next entertainment at the end of February, will, we hope, remain unharmed.

Our last soirée at Christmas, owing to various misfortunes, musical and otherwise, was not as successful as usual. These defects have, we hope, been remedied for the future, and we hope, too, that this term will be as successful as last.

H.M.C.

### SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.

ON January 18th we were very pleased to welcome to the House Mr. Michael Franklin, a grandson of the late Lord Swaythling and a former President of the Oxford Union. Mr. Franklin has spent a considerable time in various parts of America and the witty account he gave of his experiences was very much enjoyed. On February 17th we should have met a former guest in Mr. Mead, the Editor of the *Quest* and, as circumstances prevented his coming, we are promised that pleasure in the summer term.

The Christmas dinner held on January 24th was as usual a great success, the great variety of fancy dresses making the task of the judges by no means easy. After dinner the Juniors entertained the remainder of the House at an excellent smoking concert.

This term has seen an orgy of inter-hostel entertainment and activity. On January 26th the seniors spent a pleasant evening at South Hill, while the juniors had an equally enjoyable time with Montefiore House. The members of Highfield Hall took the bold step of inviting the whole house to be their guests in the College Hall on February 20th. Again we enjoyed ourselves right royally and the following Saturday saw the seniors as the guests of Russell House. The one "home fixture" of the term was the entertainment of South Hill and Montefiore when we were able to improve (?) on the corresponding function of last session by providing continuous lighting.

L.H.S.



### RUGBY FOOTBALL.

THE Rugby Fifteen have certainly justified the prophecy made in the last report that they would become a greatly improved side as soon as they had had the opportunity of playing several games together. For this improvement the team is indebted chiefly to the forwards, who possess plenty of vigour, and have realised that quick following up, relentless tackling, and clever footwork are the characteristics of a fine pack. They have learnt to hold their own in the tight scrums, and play well in the loose, but they need improvement in following up the breakaways of their two active wing-forwards.

Except for some good individual runs on the wings, the backs have not yet been able to develop an effective combination. Their handling is fairly accurate, and passing quite average, but they invariably pass the ball across the field without making ground or drawing a man. Once they use their judgment and initiative, they will be able to introduce variety necessary for effective attacks.

Much of the improvement in the team has been due to the untiring efforts of its captain, E. A. Coombes, who possesses the gift of real leadership and the necessary inspiration to make a team go all the way. From the team's recent victories, he is entitled to the promise of even better things in the near future, and it is hoped that he will be duly rewarded by a decisive victory over Exeter.

D.G.W.

### ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

ILL-LUCK has pursued the Soccer team this term: bad weather and the ever consequent 'flu have caused several matches to be scratched, and it was not until February 6th that the first game, against such formidable opponents as Reading University, was played. Naturally the team was off form: not that they should have won, but considering the heartening support on the line, it was unfortunate that there should have been such a disheartening display. For it was disheartening. No one would have recognised the same team against Bristol University. The opposition this time was a little less formidable, but at Bristol there was clever, combined and, at times, brilliant football, together with that dogged determination to win shown in the match against King's College.

The season has been a good one for Soccer. There are some strange results, in one case almost inexplicable to the outsider, but the 6-4 win against King's College, the 4-2 victory at Bristol, and the football shown in the match with the Royal Engineers will live in the memory of those going down this year, as stirring examples of what team spirit and plucky determination can effect. There have been better players in the team: memories of Freeman and Storey arise, but for high average ability, solidity of spirit and sincere enthusiasm, this season has been outstanding.

Moreover, with this improvement there has occurred a quickening of College interest : several matches have received good support, and some of the staff have been noticed on the touch line. It is in this that we excel other Universities, and it is this support and interest, this almost family spirit, which will serve to make sport in the College, what it really should be.

P.J.O.

### HARRIERS AND ATHLETIC CLUB.

THE obstacles in the path of pioneers are always great ; no greater, however, than the pleasure received in overcoming those obstacles. Hence it is with joy that we write a report on our first season as a cross-country club. No one can gainsay the fact that as regards both enthusiasm and the measure of success obtained, the Harriers Club has left nothing to be desired. The keenest of critics must be reminded that only two matches have been scratched and that up to the present six have proved victorious while five have brought defeat. Against Bristol, who are considered to have a good chance of becoming inter-varsity champions, we were beaten but by no means disgraced. Reading, comparatively old rivals, also gained the day, but by a much narrower margin than last season.

Although individual praise is really out of place one can feel nothing but admiration for Knibbs who has carried out the duties of captain and team-manager in a truly whole-hearted manner. We feel sure that he finds real reward for his efforts in seeing the fledgeling club now strong enough to take its place with the others.

Our summer programme will be a busy one. The Inter-Varsity Sports at Birmingham on May 17th and 18th occupy the most prominent place—a fortnight after our own sports. The intervening Saturday may be taken up with a quadrangular match with our friends from Bristol, Exeter and Reading. Moreover, track matches have been arranged for June and on the whole we are looking forward to a prosperous term. I would therefore urge all who have any ability whatever in athletics to see that they get fit during the vacation in order that we may make a serious bid for honours in the forthcoming inter-varsity contests.

J.C.

### WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

RESULTS of matches up to date have not been particularly brilliant. Though the 1st XI, on paper, appears quite sound, it lacks, in practice, the cohesion necessary for success.

So far, of the fourteen matches played, six have been won, three drawn, and five lost. These figures, though not good, are partly explained by the fact that, owing to illness, it has not been possible to field a complete team once this term.

The 2nd XI, mainly through lack of keenness, has lost all matches played, with the exception of one game last term when they won by the substantial margin of 12—0.

Though owing to frost the fixture with Exeter has been postponed, it is felt that the strenuous practice which has occupied this last week will not have been wasted, but will show its effect in better results for the remaining matches this term.

H.McC.

### NETBALL CLUB.

THE form attained by the teams during last term has not yet been re-attained, but training is going on a-pace in view of the Exeter match on Saturday next. So far we have played only three matches, and record one loss, one draw and one victory.

Arrangements are being made for Inter-Hostel and Inter-Faculty matches to be played this term, and it is hoped that these will be well attended by *all* concerned.

R.M.





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